

The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

London
January 23, 1946



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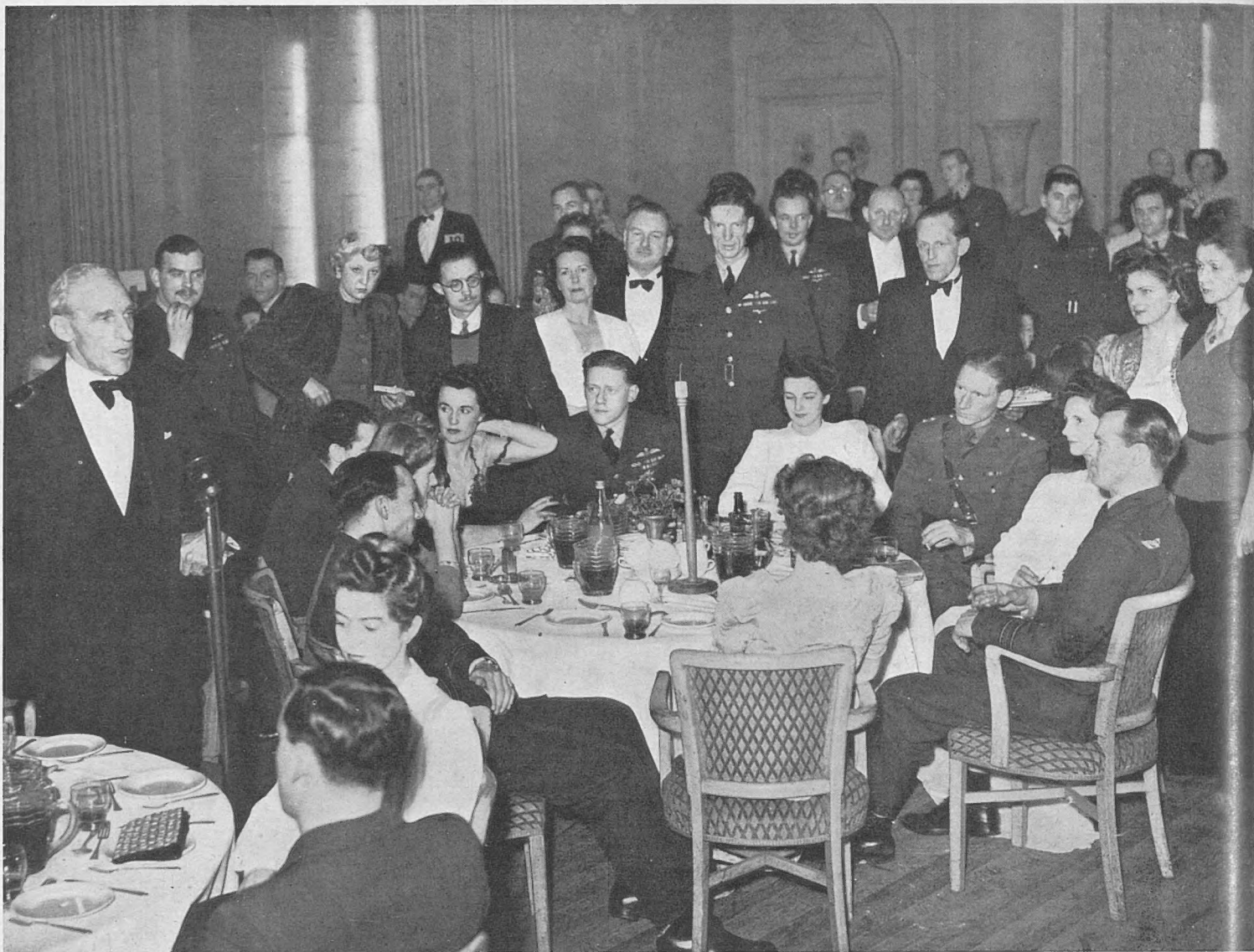
Vol. CLXXIX. No. 2326



Basil Shackleton

Wendy Hiller: A New Portrait

Wendy Hiller appears as Princess Charlotte, the unhappy daughter of the Prince Regent, in Henry Sherek's presentation of *The First Gentleman* now running at the Savoy Theatre. At the instigation of Miss Hiller, a special matinee of this play, under the chairmanship of Lady (Anthony) Meyer, is being given on January 31st in aid of the Help Holland Fund



Five hundred members of the Pathfinder Force, the men who led our bombers to their targets in enemy-occupied countries, were present at a reunion party held in London recently. W/Cdr. MacGown, Vice-President of the Pathfinders' Association, is seen addressing the guests among whom were Group Captain Walmsley, D.S.O., D.F.C., S/Ldr. Moir, D.F.C., and his wife, W/Cdr. Grant, D.S.O., D.F.C., and F/Lt. Rooton, D.F.C.

Simon Harcourt-Smith

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

*"Begin at the beginning," the king said, gravely,
"and go on until you come to the end: then stop."*

—LEWIS CARROLL

The Annexation of Germany

IN one of those amusing, contentious speeches of which he is a master, Bob Boothby is reported to have suggested the other day that since we are being squeezed between American economic imperialism, and Russian territorial imperialism, we might do worse than annex to the Empire the British Zone of Occupation in Germany and re-create the King monarch of Hanover.

ALL the dynastic predecessors of Queen Victoria nursed a sentimental passion for Hanover—none of course to the degree of George I, who vowed he was only happy in his red-brick palace of Herrenhausen, among his hot-houses, and his fussy little Hanoverian court dignitaries.

The Electorate of Hanover, raised to a kingdom by the Congress of Vienna, passed out of the British royal line with the accession of Queen Victoria. For in Hanover the Salic Law still ruled. The petty crown went to that extraordinary figure, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. Great-

nephew of the "Butcher," he differed from George III's other sons in almost every quality. He was handsome and intelligent (not that George IV was not both in his young days, and the second till the end of his life), he was brave, he could hold his immense tongue, extremely thin, the very pattern of a dashing cavalry officer.

Unlike his eldest brother, he adhered to the High Tory cause, and his rooms in St. James's Palace were a centre for High Tory plots and Utopias.

Alas! With the years, scandals began to crowd in upon him. There was the unfortunate affair of his striking one of his officers with a cane; there was the violent death of his valet, Sellis, in 1810 (a sordid affair, if ever there was one); there was the notorious business of Captain Garth in 1829, a scandal that disturbed the idyllic tradition which had grown up round the pastoral felicities of George III's family sixty years before at Kew. Then came the attempt on Lady Lyndhurst, and the suicide of the husband of the bespectacled and

elderly Lady Craven, who had been Cumberland's mistress.

A hideous disfigurement received at the Battle of Tournai joined with these drab incidents to evoke the picture of a bloody monster, capable even of murdering the little Princess Victoria, whose death would have left the way open to his mounting the British throne. The apprehensions at that time on the subject doubtless inspired Housman's delightful *Duke of Flamborough*.

Ernest Augustus Becomes King

ON the death of William IV, Ernest Augustus became King of Hanover. Only the lamp-posts in his new capital, to the same pattern as those of Regent's Park, some diamonds over which he had a violent squabble with Queen Victoria, and a vast amount of eighteenth-century English royal silver (much of it was sold at Sotheby's by the Duke of Brunswick some years before the war) served to recall the British connection.

It was generally expected that he would prove a

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH PORTRAITS IN PRINT

disastrous monarch. He succeeded brilliantly however; though his rule was tyrannical in the extreme, he died in 1851 decked in glory and enjoying the respect, at least, of his docile subjects.

The Human Fireplace

THERE are tales of his eccentricity almost too extravagant to relate. Because a middle-aged lady attended his court dressed in the chastest of white, he pretended to mistake her for the great mantelpiece, which happened to be painted white, and proceeded to warm his back against her. His notions of playing with his grandchildren would have shocked modern ideas of hygiene; his scarred face, the cravat wound tightly round and round his neck to prevent the huge head from falling forward, his habit of clicking his heels at the end of every sentence, combined to present the likeness of a medieval ogre; and it was always a matter of some self-congratulation to Queen Victoria that her children were not in the least afraid of Ernestus the Pious, as she mysteriously and inconsequently dubbed him. We last see him fighting with the Prince Consort as to who should sign the register at the marriage of Princess Augusta of Cambridge. Prince Albert won by a shrewd blow of the Saxe-Coburg elbow in Hanover's ribs.

His son, the blind George V, last King of Hanover, united his father's tradition of tyranny with a curious sweetness of disposition. During his reign, Hanover, menaced by the ugly and growing power of Prussia, sided with Austria in the disastrous war of 1866. And though the Hanoverians won an early victory, they were finally engulfed in the general catastrophe, and the kingdom reduced to the obscurity of a Prussian province. The last King's grandson, the present Duke of Brunswick still possesses, it seems, some of those diamonds over which his great-grandfather argued so acrimoniously with Queen Victoria. There is a rumour they may shortly be returning to this country. Let us hope that after all these years they will be reunited with the royal jewels.

American Demobilization Impatience

THE clamour all over the world of American soldiers to be demobilized is in the American historic tradition, however wrong-headed it may be. A deplorable commissariat, a debased currency, cold, lack of hope, pay in arrears, caused Washington's forces during the War of Independence more than once to melt away. I think I am right in saying that Congress engaged the colonial forces on a yearly basis. Towards the end of every year's campaigning there would come a rush to go home. In the hard winter of 1777-78, only the brilliant triumph of forcing the Potomac restored morale and prevented a mass desertion. A similar tendency to take the law into their own hands has infected even the very best of American troops in almost every one of America's subsequent wars. A home-sickness, a chafing against authority, is

probably a healthy sign of vitality in what the Americans like to call a Citizens' Army. But it must be fairly exasperating for the American generals called upon to occupy vast tracts of enemy territory, with not enough troops to go round.

King Ibn Saud and Rachid Ali

ALTHOUGH the episode has gone, I suppose, against our interests I could not help feeling a certain sympathy for King Ibn Saud of Arabia when he refused to give up the Iraqi quailing, Rachid Ali, to the Allies. King Ibn Saud had never approved of Rachid Ali's abortive coup against us in 1941. But when the wretched creature could not reach his German masters, and fled to Saudi Arabia, the law of the desert world dictated the granting of sanctuary to him. Now King Ibn Saud roundly declares that to hand the man over would be to violate the Arabian code, and do violence to the royal honour; and he apparently invokes Allah to witness that he would never consent to so shabby a step.

I believe the world would be an infinitely poorer place if not one spot remained on its face where the great custom of sanctuary was still revered. I am perfectly well aware that the treachery of Rachid Ali exposed a large company of British men, women and children to a prolonged and considerable danger. I have no doubt he deserves punishment quite as much as many of those sitting in the dock at Nuremberg. Nevertheless, if the war had gone the other way, it would have been a poor look-out for humanity did no hole remain into which a few lovers of freedom could creep for shelter.

Honour and Politics

HOW refreshing, too, to think of honour still entering into the sordid considerations of foreign policy, instead of the shibboleths about economic interests, and the will of the people. Honour with Ceremony form, I believe, the larger part of the mortar in our mess of a civilization. Remove them, and the bricks, however conscientiously baked, begin to fall apart, as we see them doing every day.

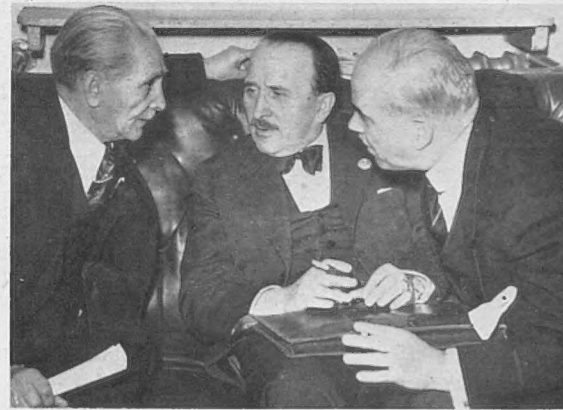
Nomads versus the Towns

IT is partly, I hold, the consequence of our society becoming so painfully urban and agrarian. The nomadic way of life is a necessary constituent of a healthy world. The gentlemen-adventurers, the nabobs, the covered-wagon settlers, brutal, greedy, tasteless though they often were, preserved for us this essential element. Now the last frontier is explored, you can almost commute to Lhasa, and the mean little money-grubbing standards of the townsmen become the universal law. Arabia and Mongolia only remain as the last strongholds of nomadism. They are cruel worlds perhaps, worlds doomed no doubt to vast changes. But let us praise them while we can for the esteem in which they hold dignity, honour and promises. Treachery in the desert generally ends in death not only for the victim, but for all concerned.

Mantegna

WHAT could be much more distressing than the news that the magnificent frescoes by Mantegna, in the Eremitani at Padua have been destroyed? The Giotto frescoes in the same city have been miraculously preserved; but at the risk of irritating many of Giotto's partisans, I am inclined to think that given the wealth of Giotto's work farther to the south in Italy, we could at a pinch have spared his Paduan frescoes. Whereas the Mantegna ones in the Eremitani were unique—miracles of beauty which I rarely failed to admire on my yearly way to Venice.

This country possesses, of course, some of the most important Mantegna cartoons in existence—"The Triumph of Julius Caesar" which normally hang in the Orangery at Hampton Court. Unfortunately, these masterpieces suffered grievously under the Commonwealth, and were then ineptly restored. They remain, however, one of the wonders of our public collections. Let us hope they will soon be on view again.



During Recess: H.E. M. Mostafa Adle of Iran with H.E. M. Sevket Fuad Kececi and H.E. M. Emin Ali Sipahi, both of whom are Turkish Ministers-at-Large



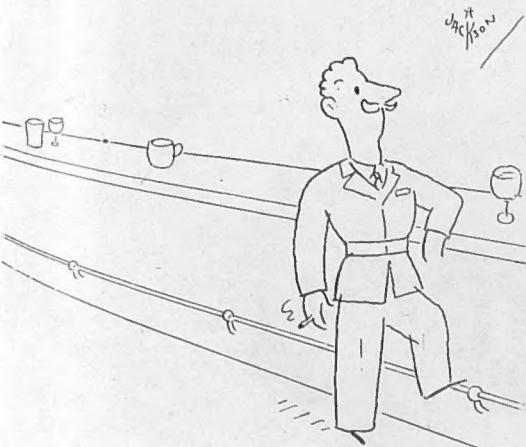
Airing Their Views: The Hon. N. J. O. Makin, Australian delegate, and Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Hodgson



Persuasive Power: H.E. M. Sava Kosanovich, Yugoslavian Minister of Information, and H.E. M. Stanoje Simic, Yugoslavian Ambassador in Washington



Just A Small Thing Between Friends: Mr. James F. Byrnes, U.S. Secretary of State, and Mr. Ernest Bevin, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The above pictures are all of delegates to the U.N.O. Central Assembly Meeting in London



Captain Tippet, M.C. and Bar

James Agate

AT THE PICTURES

Why Mess It Up?

WHAT is the point of spending a fortune on a picture if the showing house is going to engender the wrong mood, and destroy the picture's impact after it has happened? Nobody dotes on the early Chaplin films more than I do. I remember a riotous one in which, at some Rest Home, Charlie gave his arm to some opulent lady, emerged with her through french windows, descended steps, and walked down a garden path at the end of which was a pond. How Charlie, withdrawing his support, allowed the obese charmer, prattling of moon and lilies, to pancake into the water while, with scissors-like motion, he circumvented it. If I could see that film tonight I would journey as far as say, Rugby. But not, I think, as prelude to a performance of *Macbeth*.

THE management at the Odeon must have known that *Tomorrow Is Forever* is a serious film, indeed an intensely serious film. Why then should it start the proceedings with a Donald Duck cartoon? I shouldn't mind so much if this had been an ordinary public showing in which the Cartoon and the Domestic Hints and the Government Shorts all have their place. But what is the point of getting film critics out of bed in the bleak, inhospitable hours and then trotting out a Donald Duck that we had all seen? That D.D. happens to be a blind spot with me is not the point. I dote on Gilbert and Sullivan, but should not want to hear "Three Little Maids From School" immediately in front of "Tristan." If I am any judge, the audience had been greatly moved by the new film, which was largely about the wastage of war. Why then must the cinema organist pop up two seconds after the curtains had closed and reel off that perky Schubert "Marche Militaire," which stands for the Viennese beer-garden's view of fighting as a tinselled and care-free occupation? I suggest that radio is to blame. Let there be one noiseless minute in which to prepare for some great work, and another soundless one in which to let that work sink in, and three-fourths of listeners washing up or stoking the fire would think Broadcasting House had fallen down. That is why after, say, Verdi's Requiem we are not given the chance of turning the damned wireless off in time not to hear some silly voice saying, "We have in the studio tonight Jake Picklebaum and his Smoked Salmon Serenaders." Radio cannot afford the qualities of seamliness and silence? The film, I think, could and should.

Tomorrow Is Forever might easily have been no more than an excursion into the Enoch Arden country. It is, however, a good deal more. It tells how John MacDonald (Orson Welles) is reported by the American War Office as having been killed in the first Great War. He leaves a wife (Claudette Colbert) and an unborn child. She remarries, and twenty years later her first husband turns up.

His life had been saved by a humane Austrian doctor who had persuaded him to renew hope and courage even in spite of horrible disfigurement. Plastic surgery had done its best, but still John couldn't bear the thought of shackling his wife to a piece of human wreckage. Does this sound a little thin? However, we are all good film-goers, and we shall not boggle too much at being asked to suppose that a wife will not recognize her husband, now her second husband's employé, under his new features, new accent, and new personality. *We will not boggle if the story-teller has anything to make of his story.*

WHAT follows is too complicated to be told in detail. Sufficient to say that the matters debated are the mother's refusal to let her son go to the second war, her inability to sink a grand passion in humdrum happiness, her refusal to recognize that yesterday is yesterday. Steadily John refuses to admit that he is John, and his last word to Claudette is that the past is past, and that there is no life either for her or for humanity except in today, and in tomorrow which is forever. Not an entirely satisfactory film, but one that is serious and adult. Beautifully acted by Colbert. Superbly by Orson Welles. And quite well enough by George Brent in the role of second husband, and Richard Long as the son. A film worth thinking about.

It occurs to me a trifle belatedly that excuses should be found for curious happenings at the pre-view. After all, very few managements can have had much practice in dealing with films worth thinking about for longer than it takes to dive for one's hat.

THAT underrated poet, Stephen Phillips, writes somewhere about living:

For ever in a deep deliberate bliss,
A spirit sliding through tranquillity.

Is this possible in the modern world? *For ever*, no; but for some ninety minutes, yes. The time and place I should choose would be the stall floor at the Tivoli on any Wednesday morning. At the press shows at this house the guests are herded in the circle for better proximity to the hospitable bar. But if you are well in with the doorkeeper he will make you free of the vast and tenantless stalls, where you can enjoy the deep deliberate bliss of inanity's flowing tide. Of being a spirit sliding through floods of warm treacle.

Come Back to Me is a screen play by Leonard Praskins, adapted by Harold Buchman from a play by Louise Hovick, and I am not at all sure that one of these three hasn't slyly indulged in a certain amount of wit without the knowledge of the other collaborators. The scene is a New York burlesque theatre run by one Mike Hannegan. One day, Mike, who has never read a book in his life, takes up one by accident, "gets" it, puts it down with an expression of disgust, and says "All about a hangover. That's culture." He then conceives the notion that his strip-tease artist,

Doll Face, might get publicity out of writing her autobiography. "Where will I get the time?" asks Doll Face. Adding, "And the words?" Then to Mike's dull brain occurs the notion of the literary ghost, and of hiring some swell author to write the book to which Doll Face is to put her name. (Which is as though the author of *The Fountain* should be prevailed upon to write the life of Sophie Tucker.) The American highbrow author refuses until he meets Doll Face in the flesh. Whereupon the next shot shows us the pair in an open boat, with Doll Face wearing the kind of top hat one has begun to associate with George Sand, Ally Sloper, and Merle Oberon. The twist of the plot necessitates the pair diving into the deep deliberate ocean, and swimming a couple of miles to a cave where they are found next morning, she with her make-up and leopard-skin coat undamped, and he with flannel trousers still beautifully creased and drier than any bone.

A MINUTE later we are listening to the strip-tease lady singing:

Somebody's walking in my dreams.
And it's You-oo-oo.

After which Carmen Miranda comes on to assure us that:

There is Ego
In this Amigo. . . .

And so on for ninety minutes. Unseeable and unheard if it were not for the suspicion that somebody is having a lot of fun on the quiet. I have forgotten to say that, the autobiography written and a Broadway play made out of it, Mike sees no reason why the book should be published. "You got all the publicity, honey. Sure, that's all you want." Which is perfectly in keeping with his remark on being rebuked by the strip-tease artist for tearing the title page out of a book: "Say, Baby, you won't miss it. There's plenty you won't understand without it." Yes, somebody has been having fun.



"Can you see better now?"



Once Again—The Dolly Sisters

Betty Grable and
June Haver Revive
Fabulous Memories
of Jenny and Rosie
Dolly

● During the years of the first World War and the early twenties the names of the Dolly Sisters, Jenny and Rosie, were household words. Their pictures appeared in every paper, they were entertained by dukes and millionaires all over the world, their fabulous jewels and magnificent furs were the envy of every woman, they were the personification of how gay girls make good. There were scandals, of course, and tragedies, too, but the electrifying magnetism of these twin sisters survived. Now, some part of their life story is to be told on the screen. Twentieth Century-Fox present Betty Grable and June Haver as the Dolly Sisters at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and the Marble Arch Pavilion on Sunday next



The Theatre

"Now The Day Is Over" (Embassy)

IF he is not more careful Mr. Terence de Marney will soon be our First Murderer. Whether tweeded for the coverts as a rich man's favourite nephew or (as now) collarless at breakfast as Auntie B.'s favourite lodger there is a gleam in his eye that marks him out instantly as a public menace. "Cheerful Charlie, that's me," he says with disarming intent, but his way of saying it suggests a Borneo head-hunter with time on his hands. When we hear that young women are being

murdered in the neighbourhood the only questions outstanding in our minds are why, precisely, Cheerful Charlie murders them and whether he will get away with the murders.

THE second question is the first to be disposed of—thanks again to the practice of casting to type. Mr. de Marney is suddenly confronted by Mr. Ian Fleming, and if Mr. Fleming has ever been anything but the *Lestrade de nos jours* it must have been in some play that broke all the rules and is deservedly forgotten. Without a Sherlock to assist him in his investigations this man from Scotland Yard is naturally slow but, within our recollection, he invariably gets there all the same. In the present case it is not long before he overtakes the audience and begins to share their conviction that the idiot boy who rummages about the docks at night for pieces of broken glass may do it for this or that purpose, but not for the purpose of strewing the town with murdered women. Reason (official and unofficial) rejects the notion that Jack the Ripper was a mere simpleton.

THUS we know almost from the outset that it is Cheerful Charlie who "done it" and that he is up against a patient and cautious sleuth who is bound in the final scene to produce the gyves from his grey, lightweight, spring overcoat pocket. Then there is the girl next door who has fallen for the fascinating Charlie: we cannot but tremble for her fate. We are told that the simpleton has a big surprise up his sleeve for his beloved Auntie B. It is an easy guess that once the gyves are on Charlie the simpleton's surprise will be staggering in its innocence. The piece is evidently in danger of ending before it can be said fairly to have begun. There would have been no such

danger if the adapters of Mr. Gerald Savory's novel *Behold This Dreamer* (Mr. Charles K. Freeman and Mr. Savory himself) had not been frightened by their theme. Cheerful Charlie is a pervert whose vanity impels him to murder women because he feels inferior to them, but his motives are merely stated. They are not worked into the play. All we have in their stead is a display of cunning and of rather loutish vanity, and this is a little thin as the subject of a story that is not competent to spring surprises by the way.

YET it can honestly be said that the play is neither tedious nor inept. The authors succeed remarkably well in creating tension from the effect of Charlie's cunning and vanity upon the simpleton, who is his dupe, and upon Auntie B., who is pathetically devoted to her helpless nephew and is, perhaps not unnaturally, slow to see that her glib lodger is a treacherously when it comes to protecting her charge from the alienists and the police. And for climax there is, of course, the girl whose anxiety to get married delivers her into the murderer's somewhat unwilling, but none the less merciless, hands. The authors owe much to the acting; little to the production. Mr. Bill Rowbotham presents the simpleton with skill and discretion; Miss Joan Newell veraciously sketches the silly girl victim; Miss Beatrice Varley is natural and sympathetic as Auntie B., the warm-hearted, slow-witted landlady; and Mr. de Marney and Mr. Fleming, as murderer and sleuth, do their familiar hare-and-tortoise act to the satisfaction of all beholders. But Mr. de Marney, splendidly in form as an actor, is much out of form as a producer. His lighting effects are of weird and wonderful ineptitude.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

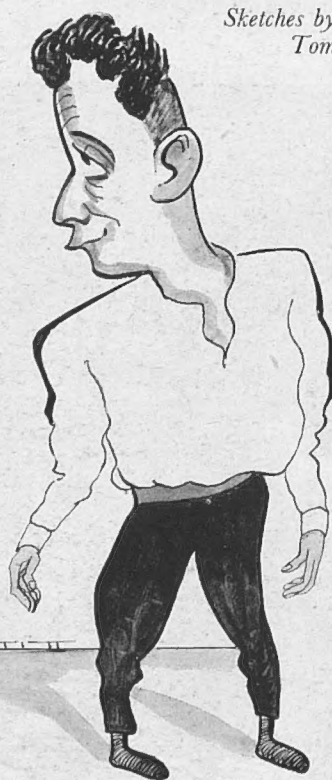


Murderer's Innocent Dupe: The Imbecile (Bill Rowbotham) is playful with the Law, as represented by the Chief Constable (Owen Reynolds)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Scotland Yard has a Clue: The Murderer (Terence de Marney) feigns innocence when confronted by the Inspector (Ian Fleming)



Gossip Amuses Destined Victim: Auntie B. (Beatrice Varley) and Mrs. Willis (Beryl Measor) air their opinions while the infatuated Lily (Joan Newell) listens

New Company for Rattigan's Play at the Globe Theatre

● *While the Sun Shines* is still running at the Globe Theatre and shows no sign of waning in popularity. It is now well on its way to its one-thousandth performance, and a new company (with the exception of Brenda Bruce, the girl-friend, and Basil Gordon, the butler) is in residence. Set in wartime London, the play is a witty commentary on life as we knew it at that time

Photographs by
John Vickers



Mabel: "Well, there you are. I'm throwing your earl back in your face. Do you still want him?"

Brenda Bruce, one of the two original members of the company still in the cast, plays the good-hearted gold-digger. It is she who finally succeeds in reuniting Lord Harpenden and his emotional fiancée, Lady Elizabeth Randall (Muriel Pavlow)



Wiseman: "Pardon me—where am I?"

Wiseman, a young American (Bonar Colleano), has been saved from a drunk's bed at the police-station by the intervention of the Earl of Harpenden (Hubert Gregg). He awakes next morning sans pyjamas, sans toothbrush, sans memory, but very much alive nevertheless



Duke of Ayr and Stirling: "Il fait chaud aujourd'hui, n'est-ce pas?" The Duke of Ayr and Stirling (Hugh Wakefield), father of Lady Elizabeth Randall, finds life a pleasant enough affair so long as someone else will provide the wherewithal to live and a few good racing tips. Lt. Colbert (Frith Banbury) gives him the opportunity to air his somewhat rusty French

JENNIFER WRITES

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

POST-WAR LEVEES

THERE is talk of the possibility of His Majesty holding the first post-war Levees at St. James's Palace. All the trappings of State, including the famous Irish State Coach in which the sovereign drives from one Palace to the other, are ready, and there are quite a number of distinguished foreigners in London just now who would regard formal presentation to the King at a function of this kind as a culminating experience of their stay.

Bound up with this question is the parallel but much more difficult one of what is to be done about this year's Courts. This matter has been discussed by Lord Clarendon with both the King and the Queen, and an announcement of some kind that will give guidance to mothers with daughters about to "come out," and others who want to present or to be presented, may shortly be issued.

ANGLO-ARGENTINE WEDDING

MISS STELLA CARCANO made a lovely bride as she walked very slowly up the aisle of the Brompton Oratory on the arm of her good-looking father, H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, for her marriage to Viscount Ednam, the Earl of Dudley's son and heir. Her dress, which had been made in Paris (where there are no restrictions on detail), was very beautiful: heavy white satin with a tight-fitting, quilted bodice embroidered with pearls, and a very long train cut in one with the skirt. Her little white satin cap was embroidered with pearls and worn with a long tulle veil. White kid gloves, which I have seldom seen brides wear, gave an added chic to the whole effect, and she carried a white missal, a gift from the bridegroom. The Hon. Sara Long (step-sister of the bridegroom) was the only bridesmaid; she wore a replica of the bride's dress without a train, the same little pearl-embroidered cap and white kid gloves, and carried a little white ermine-muff. The Hon. Peter Ward, in his Able Seaman's uniform, was best man to his brother.

Mme. Carcano, who came with her daughter, Mrs. "Jaky" Astor, and her daughter-in-law, looked very chic in a heavily-embroidered short black jacket over a brown faille dress, with a little mink hat trimmed with paradise plumes. The Countess of Dudley accompanied Lord Dudley, and other members of the bridegroom's family I saw were his three aunts, Lady Honor Bridgeman, Lady Morvyth Benson and Lady Patricia Ward, and his cousins, Gillian and Sarah Benson. On the bride's side of the church were many members of the Corps Diplomatique, including Mme. Michiels van Verduynen, the charming and gracious wife of the Netherlands Ambassador; Mme. Massigli; the very popular Belgian Ambassador, Baron Cartier de Marchienne, and Señor Arango, the Colombian Ambassador. The ushers, who had plenty of exercise up and down the long aisle settling the hundreds of guests into their seats, included the Hon. George Ward, the Hon. Hamish Erskine (who I notice has two rows of ribbons on his tunic now), the Hon. William Astor and his youngest brother, "Jaky."

EMBASSY RECEPTION

AFTER the service the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Carcano held a reception at the Argentine Embassy in Belgrave Square, where they received the guests with the bridegroom's father, the Earl of Dudley, and his stepmother, the Countess of Dudley.

The flowers were particularly beautiful, and hundreds of daffodils were massed on and around the fireplace in front of which the bride and bridegroom stood.

Among the many guests I saw the Countess of

Kenmare, wearing a most beautiful diamond necklace on her satin dress; Sir William and Lady Rootes, with his son and daughter-in-law, Capt. and Mrs. Brian Rootes; Lord and Lady Woolton, and Mrs. David Niven, who was telling friends that her husband has had pneumonia since he left England, but is happily recovered now. The petite Countess of Kimberley was wending her way through the rooms; Marie Marchioness of Willingdon came straight on from Central Hall, where she had been listening to Mr. Attlee's speech at the opening of the General Assembly of U.N.O.; Lady Cunard sat on a sofa chatting to Mr. Chips Channon; Major Tommy Egerton was with a party which included the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington and Miss Violet de Trafford. There were several children at the reception, including Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's youngest girl, who is growing very tall, like all the other members of her family, the Hon. Jane Stewart, in a cherry-red suit, and the Hon. Tessa Fox-Strangways, Lord and Lady Stavordale's only girl.

AMONG THE GUESTS

AMONG others there were the Duchess of Westminster, Lord Courtauld-Thomson, the Countess of Abingdon, Lady Elizabeth Weston, Lady Roderic Pratt, Lady Ashley, the Hon. Mrs. George Ward, Mr. Cecil Beaton, Lord and Lady Rothermere, Lord and Lady Stavordale and her sister, Countess Paul Munster, Lord and Lady Lloyd, Mrs. Corrigan, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, escorted by an American officer, Baroness Ravensdale, Major "Fruity" and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Lady Anthony Tichborne, Prince Vsevolode and his wife, Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, Viscount Tarbat, who chatted to actress Frances Day, Lady Bridgett Poulett and the Hon. Enid Paget.

Capt. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor were with her brother, Earl Haig, who was in mufti, as was the Duke of Rutland. Other members of the Duke's family I saw were his mother, the Duchess of Rutland, and his sister, Lady Ursula Marreco, with his younger brother John.

LUNCH-PARTY

THROUGHOUT the war years, the wonderful hospitality of Sir Louis and Lady Sterling never faltered, and at week-ends there has always been a welcome for friends at their Saturday lunch-party at the Savoy, and at their home in Regent's Park on Sundays. Many of the young men of all nationalities who came over to England to fight for the Allies, and found themselves friendless in London, have reason to be grateful to the Sterlings. At a recent party, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney were talking of the tour they hope to make throughout the United States in the near future; Mrs. Cochran, wife of the famous "C.B.," showed the lovely latex powder-compact she received as a Christmas present from actress Gertrude Lawrence; "C.B." himself spoke of his admiration for his old friend George Bernard Shaw, who, in his ninetieth year, has a keener brain and a brighter wit than many of the self-styled "moderns"; and Mr. Philip Robinson, one of London's experts on old manuscripts, who was accompanied by his wife, told fascinating stories of his world-wide search for those rare and beautiful illuminated manuscripts done by the monks in the sixth and seventh centuries. Incidentally, Mr. Robinson told me that Sir Louis is the owner of a library rapidly becoming world-famous, and one which includes many priceless autographed manuscripts and early examples of the first printing.

END OF THE HOLIDAYS

LADY PATRICIA AHERNE has had a little family gathering of small boys at her Dublin flat over the holidays, for, in addition to her own two young sons, eleven-year-old Richard and ten-months-old Patrick, she has had her brother's boy, the Hon. Dermot Moore, who is just nine. Now this gathering has broken up and Viscountess Moore has flown back from Ireland with Dermot, to take him back to Lady Diana Abdy's home in Cornwall, where he is to continue his schooling with Lady Diana's son before going to Ludgrove, as his father did.

Lord Moore has just received the O.B.E. for his work under Mr. Oliver Lyttelton at the Ministry of Production, and his father, the Earl of Drogheda, too, has every reason to be proud, for he has now succeeded the late Earl of Onslow (who, incidentally, was Lady Patricia Ahern's godfather) as chairman of the House of Lords Committees.

PERTH DRAG

THE Perth Drag Hunt, which made £300 for the Hunt, held its ball in the delightful home of Capt. and Mrs. Richard Heriot-Maitland, which was lent for the occasion. It is the most prominent social event of the winter season in the county, and more than 300 people attended it. Mrs. Heriot-Maitland looked handsome in bright green chiffon, which went well with her fine emeralds, which came originally from Russia, and were given her by her mother, Mrs. Cecil Bevis, who, in turn, had inherited them from her great-grandmother.

Two drawing-rooms were thrown open for dancing and sitting out, and there was a buffet supper in the long hall. Log fires burned brightly, and bowls of arum lilies decorated the drawing-rooms and hall. The Earl and Countess of Mansfield brought a party, so did Sir James and Lady Roberts from Strathallan Castle; Lady Norrie-Miller was there, Lady Abertay from Tullybelton, and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay.

The meet was held the following morning in pouring rain, but it did not daunt Capt. and Mrs. Heriot-Maitland's little two-and-a-half-year-old son, Lewis, for he went out and held an umbrella up over the three-year-old daughter of Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay!

SUCCESSFUL BALL

THE A.V.F. Ball organised by Lady Ashley, the French-born wife of Lord Ashley, at Grosvenor House recently was a big success and a great credit to Lady Ashley, who, with a small committee, ran the whole thing without a professional organiser. Miss Jeanne de Casalis and Misha De La Motte gave very amusing cabaret turns, and both had the guests laughing heartily. Earl De La Warr, chairman of the A.V.F., and Lady Ashley, chairman of the Ball Committee, had a long table beside the dance floor, where I saw Lady De La Warr, their son and heir, Lord Buckhurst, the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, and General Angenot, the French Military Attaché.

The Earl and Countess of Willingdon were dancing together, so were Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt, and Lady Amy Biddulph, one of the Earl of Normanton's sisters, brought a party which included her pretty debutante daughter, Marjorie.

Others I saw were Baroness Ravensdale, Mrs. June de Trafford, Mrs. Peter Thursty, Count Orłowski with the Comte and Comtesse de Mun, Lady Hodson, Admiral Sala, the French Naval Attaché, M. Paillard and Lady Standing.



The Original Courtyard of Maer Hall is now a Magnificent Panelled Room Entirely Surrounded by a Gallery: Here Guests at the North Staffordshire Hunt Ball Gathered until Dancing began

HUNT BALLS AGAIN

FOR the first time for six years, real Hunt balls have started again. Up in Shropshire the Wheatland Hunt held a very successful ball at the Crown Hotel, Bridgnorth, where the room was very effectively decorated with bunting, hunting horns, masks and brushes lent by Miss Frances Pitt, M.F.H. The stage from where the band played was banked up with rhododendrons and geraniums, sent over for the occasion by Lady Forester from her lovely home, Willey Park.

There were many house-parties in the district for the ball, and amongst those who brought friends were Lord and Lady Acton, Count and Countess Paul Munster, Col. Corbet, M.P., and Mrs. Corbet, and Mr. and Mrs. Derryhouse. Lord and Lady Forester brought a party, and so did Capt. Wallace, M.F.H., the new and very successful Master of the Ludlow Hounds, Viscountess Maitland, Miss Frances Pitt, M.F.H. (who has been Master of the Wheatland since 1935), Col. and Mrs. Thomson, Capt. and Mrs. Wolwych Whitmore, and Mr. Lewis Mottley

(inventor of the Mottley gun-mountings) and his wife, who is the daughter of Lady Constance Milnes Gaskell, Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Mary.

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE HUNT BALL

A FEW nights later the North Stafford held their ball at Maer Hall, the charming old home of the Master, Miss Rosamund Harrison, O.B.E., and her elder sister (pictures on pages 105, 106 and 107).

Among those I met were the Earl of Lichfield, who brought over a young party from his home, including his two attractive daughters, Lady Betty Winnington and Lady Cecilia Anson, and Lord Mowbray's son and heir, the Hon. Charles Stourton. Lord Lichfield was complimenting both the Miss Harrison on their enterprise and kindness in lending their home for the ball in these difficult days. Mr. James Cadman brought a party over from Walton Hall, which included his son and daughter-in-law, who both go so well, and his nephew, Lord Cadman, with Lady Cadman. (Mr. James

Cadman was Joint-Master of these hounds from 1927-30.)

Lord Stafford came over from Swynnerton Hall with his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Fitzherbert, and his younger brother, the Hon. Evelyn Fitzherbert. Lady Annabel Crewe was with her husband, Major James Crewe. They recently took the name of Crewe on the death of Lady Annabel's father, the late Marquess of Crewe, who had no heir.

Among others at the ball were Miss Aline Dobson, whose father was Master of these hounds for many years; Capt. and Mrs. Marshall Brooks; Mrs. Peter Birley, and Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery Bullock, who are moving this month into their lovely home, Sinton Court, on the outskirts of Worcester. Mr. William Jones, the late secretary of the Hunt, ran the ball, and Mr. Ronald Sherwin, the tall, good-looking new secretary, was kept busy looking after guests.

In our issue of January 9th we published a picture of Major David Laurie, M.C., wrongly describing him as Capt. R. Sawrey-Cookson. Our apologies to both Major Laurie and Capt. Sawrey-Cookson.



Members of the Hunt at the Ball included Mr. Ronald Sherwin (the new Secretary), Mrs. William Jones, Mr. William Jones, Miss Rosamund Harrison, O.B.E., M.F.H., Mr. James Cadman (a former Master), Lord Cadman and Lady Cadman

JENNIFER GOES TO A HUNT BALL

THE North Staffordshire Hunt held their ball at Maer Hall, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, the charming old home of the Master, Miss Rosamund Harrison, O.B.E., and her elder sister. Miss Harrison has been Master of the pack since 1930, and has carried on right through the war, hounds hunting twice a week with their good huntsman Jack Atkinson, who managed to combine full Home Guard duties and farming eighty acres as well as his job as huntsman! There were nearly four hundred guests at this ball, who danced to the music

of two bands in the billiard-room, drawing-room, picture gallery, and the baronial hall, which is very large, as many years ago it was the courtyard and was only covered in and panelled to form part of the house approximately two hundred years ago.

Between the dances guests were able to stroll about and look at the lovely pictures, some of them portraits of Miss Rosamund Harrison's favourite horses and hounds; to say nothing of the fine "heads" adorning the walls, many of them shot by the Master herself when on safari some years ago.

This sporting Hunt, which started with a private pack in 1825, was formed into the North Staffordshire Hunt in 1845, since when it has numbered among its Masters the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, the late Earl of Huntingdon and the late Duke of Sutherland. The last-named presented the country with twenty-three couple of hounds in 1909, and the remainder were given in 1926 by Colonel W. W. Dobson when he retired after being Master for twenty years. More about the ball and about the people there is in Jennifer's Journal this week.



Mrs. W. H. Boston, Dr. Boston, Mr. W. H. Boston, Mrs. F. K. Boston and Mr. P. Watson shared a supper-table



Lt. John Randall, Miss Patricia Walker, Miss Cynthia Aynsley, Mr. K. Aynsley, Lt. Roland R. De Marco, of New York, and Miss Peggy Walker



Major Crewe, Lady Annabel Crewe, the Earl of Lichfield and Major and Mrs. Humphrey Philips. Lady Annabel is the eldest daughter of the late Marquess of Crewe



Lord and Lady Cadman and Mr. James Cadman. Mr. Cadman was High Sheriff of Staffordshire in 1933



Miss Mary Margaret Coke, Capt. Iain Moncreiffe, Lady Cecilia Anson, Lt. S. Barclay, R.N.V.R., Lady Betty Winnington and the Hon. Charles Stourton



Miss Stella Carcano in Her Beautiful Wedding-Gown, Which Was Made in Paris



Mme. Carcano (the bride's mother), the Earl of Dudley (father of the bridegroom), the Countess of Dudley and H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, M. Miguel Angel Carcano.



Mme. M. A. Carcano (the bride's sister-in-law), the Hon. Mrs. J. J. Astor (the bride's sister) and Miss Bemberg

Wedding of the Argentine Ambassador's Daughter in London

Miss Stella Carcano is Married to Captain Viscount Ednam, 10th Royal Hussars,
Son and Heir of the Earl of Dudley; at Brompton Oratory



*The Duke of Rutland and Mrs. Alexander,
daughter of Lady Kemsley*



*Capt. Rhidian Llewellyn, M.C., and Lady
Honor Llewellyn*



*Lady Milbanke, with the Marquess and
Marchioness of Hartington*



*Lord John Manners, Mr. W. P. Macauley and
Lady Ursula Marreco*

Photographs by Swaebe



*The Hon. Peter Ward (the bridegroom's younger
brother, who acted as best man), Margaret
Countess of Kimberley and Lady Castlereagh*



*The bride and bridegroom photographed as they were leaving the Argentine
Embassy for their honeymoon*



French Actor on Holiday in Alsace

Fernand Gravet and his actress-wife Jane Renouardt were on holiday in Alsace when this picture was taken. M. Gravet is well known to lovers of the French theatre. He is to appear in *Daphne du Maurier's* "Rebecca" at the Théâtre de Paris next month



Four Members of the A.S.A. Ambulance Unit

Mlle. Swellengrabel, Mme. Simon, Mme. Arlette Peterson and Mme. Cudel have been awarded the Croix de Guerre for their work in Holland, Germany and Roumania. They are members of the famous volunteer A.S.A. Ambulance Unit

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"... A little of what you fancy does
you good ..."

NEW YEAR resolutions being usually of the non-eating, non-drinking, non-smoking order, it is wiser, in this country, to date them "as from the 2nd of January onwards." Family reunions celebrated by a huge meal take place at midday on the first, and one cuts but a poor figure if one turns up primed with stern vows about "no cocktails," a small piece of grilled steak, two lettuce-leaves, no butter, a modicum of cheese with a morsel of toast Melba, and, above all, no sweet.

You may gather from this that we are going back to the sad, reducing days of pre-war, forced slinness. It is all very well for fashion-writers to tell us that curves are now permissible. With some of us, unlucky creatures that we are, the slightest curve swells to a rotundity so quickly that, before we know where we are, it becomes necessary to use a shoe-horn before inserting oneself between the driving-wheel and the seat of our smaller ambulances that are still doing all too brisk business... especially over the week-ends and at holiday time. You may also come to the conclusion that good fare was plentiful for the New Year. It was! But I hate to think of the saving and paring that went on for days before, and is probably going on still, to permit the plenty we revelled in on that day of days, when the clans foregathered and all the traditions were respected.

The French child of the *grande*, old-fashioned *bourgeoisie* is not difficult to please. A home-made sugar-stick wrapped in a carefully saved old piece of silver paper is a dazzling gift, while a rag doll, made and dressed by loving fingers, with quaint odds and ends out of the attic trunks, is received with breathless astonishment. Between grown-ups, boxes of candy from the *Marquise de Sévigné* or *Bossiers* are more sophisticated gifts.

Outwardly, these offerings have lost nothing of their pre-war elegance. Wrappings and ribbons appear as lavish as of yore, for tinsel and *rayonne* look as gay as the real thing. But where, oh where, are the luscious, cloying *marrons glacés* and the chocolate truffles with their soft, sweet fillings and delightful hard outer coating of more bitter taste? Nowadays the loveliest boxes rarely boast of more than one layer of sweets, and half of them are merely *pâtes de fruits*. I have no quarrel with

fruit-jellies, of course (sunshine, Nice, the Place Massena and Vogade's!), but compared to chocolate! Well, I arks yer!

Street Corner

PERMISSION has been given to street musicians that they may hold forth once more between the hours of noon, Saturday, and eleven p.m. Sunday. Again we shall hear the melancholy caterwaulings of professional beggars in the *cour*—*d'honneur* or otherwise—below our windows. But no longer shall we hear the small, dull thud of paper-wrapped coins falling on the cobblestones. (Living in an old seventeenth-century house on the Left Bank, we boast of cobblestones!) Given the cost of living over here, a five-franc note seems to be the very least one can throw down, especially as an inducement, or at least a delicate suggestion, that the recipient thereof should move off to some other house! During Occupation a delightful lunatic used to come round and, on his squeaky violin, play such dear, forbidden, Other War tunes as: Tipperary, la Madelon, followed by God Save the King and the Marseillaise. He was never caught while he was *chez nous*, but one day he disappeared. He must have been less lucky elsewhere.

The street-corner musicians in Paris are amusing. They work *à trois*. A guitarist, a violin and the man who sings the songs and sells copies to the surrounding crowd. More than one song-hit has had such a humble start, and more than one present-day celebrity—Edith Piaf being one of them—has made his, or her, début *au carrefour* (the cross-roads).

"I Arks Yer!"

WE have had a few days skating on the small lake of the Bois de Boulogne. This is too good to last, and we made the most of it, though the ice was far from perfect and badly needed sweeping. One young, lovely turned up in tights and a short-kilted effect, that somewhat stunned one of the wood-keepers, who actually wanted to run her in. But he was on hobnails and she was on skates, and when I left, at dusk, he was still trying to catch her. In the words of an old, old comic song: "I luffed and she luffed, and me mother-in-law she luffed, too!" But not the wood-keeper.

More "laffs" this week are involuntarily provided by the *Parisian Weekly Information*. This is a useful little publication of the where-to-go and what-to-see order. The criticisms are written by French journalists of repute, but these articles are translated, word for word, and make strange reading in English. Take, for instance, the blurb about Katherine Hepburn in *Dragon Seed*. "Her beautiful face was strangely modified by make-up and her drawn eyes, flattened mask and hair cause a striking surprise." Her partners don't come off so well. "Walter Huston, with his funny little nose and clear eyes, cannot fool us and spoils a little our belief in the story." A landscape is "sometimes idealised in a vernal aspect of lake banks." As a dancer, Mario Aguilar "shows an elegant figure and a lot of class, but he and Romero should not play the castanettes at the same time, it results cacophonical!" Laurence Oliver, as a "tormented lover" in *Lady Hamilton*, is "wild and magnificent." We are also invited to admire, again in *Dragon Seed*, "the defilings of four to five hundred Chinese." And yet again... I arks yer!

Voilà!

● Little Mlle. du Bois was about to make her début in Parisian society. Her old-fashioned parents had brought her up very strictly, and proudly boasted that their daughter was a survival of the fast disappearing "little white goose" species of *jeune fille*. On the eve of her first ball, Mademoiselle's fond mother read her a long lecture on deportment and *bonnes manières*, stressing the fact that never, never, NEVER must a young girl "run after" a man. The little white goose must have had a few pink-tipped feathers, for her horrified parent heard the dulcet voice declare: "Of course not, *petite mère*, who ever heard of the mouse-trap chasing the mouse!"



Raymond in the Looking-Glass



June Rather Fancies Herself as a Cook

Intimate Snapshots

The Raymond Huntleys at Home

● Actor Raymond Huntley and his wife June live in a London flat. Both are hard workers and very successful in their individual ways—Raymond as a front-rank player on stage and screen, June (who was once première danseuse with the Karl Heinrich Ballet Company) as director of an agency for artists, authors and producers. Raymond has just finished filming *I See a Dark Stranger*, in which he appears with Deborah Kerr, and this month starts work on a new film, *Top Secret*—a story of Radar written by Peter Ustinov, in which Ralph Richardson is to appear

*Photographs by
Swaebe*



Family Conference: To Dine or Not to Dine—at Home



The Beaux' Stratagem: "She is perfection itself—no modern actress knows better how to adopt the airs and graces of an earlier age"



Romeo and Juliet: She "adds new relish to a performance already brilliant"

Dame Edith Evans: the Greatest Character Actress of Our Time

"And one man in his time plays many parts"

Way to make a moment in time was Edith Evans not really a play actress Ellen Jones her reputation full sail A Rivala. She



The Importance of Being Ernest: "A fantastic holy terror, oozing arrogance, character and the divine right of strong-minded aunts"



Heartbreak House: "She looks, and is, magnificent"

The in phase



Cousin Muriel: "She runs the gamut of all her comedic talents like a great pianist practising scales, octaves, trills and arpeggi"

In 1910 there was a young girl who worked hard in a North Country hat-shop and spent every spare time in amateur theatricals. Her name was Edith Evans. Such great talents as she possessed could be hidden for long, and in 1912 she came to London to appear in *Troilus and Cressida*. A tour with the great company followed, and in 1924 her Millamant established her for all time. In the furbelows of the eighteenth century she moved with the beauty and grace of a ship under full sail. At the moment Edith Evans is appearing in *The* and was awarded the D.B.E. in the New Year's Honours



Edith Evans: "She plays with a deliciously obvious secret in each fresh conquest over uncommon talk"



Off Stage: Edith Evans as Her Friends Know Her

Of Edith Evans, who had been playing Nerissa to her Portia, Ellen Terry wrote in 1913: "She is a girl after my own heart"



The Beginning of a Good Day's Sport at Sutton Scotney

J. Arthur Rank—the Driving Force of the British Film Industry

● Mr. J. Arthur Rank's interest in the motion-picture industry was first aroused when he founded the Religious Films Society nine years ago. He grasped at once the potential power of the screen to further British ideals of international goodwill, tolerance and world peace, and set about rebuilding the industry. He has been remarkably successful and is now undoubtedly the driving force and inspiration of Britain's film world. These pictures were taken at his home at Sutton Scotney, an estate of 20,000 acres near Winchester, where he spends his few hours of relaxation. Friends say that, as a shot, Mr. Rank is rated very highly indeed



Mr. Rank and His Wife, a Daughter of the First Lord Marshall



One of the Gamekeepers Accounts for the Day's Bag



Two Young Horsemen Pose with the Confidence of Veterans

Anthony (four) and Christopher (five) have already won between them fourteen prizes in the Show Ring and a N.H.A. Merit Badge. They are the sons of Mrs. Hew Carruthers, who will be remembered by many readers as Miss Pamela Torrie

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

Grand National Entries

As most of the ninety-one are certain to want to see their weights, and as he has got to handicap them in any case, every feeling heart ought to bleed for The Dispenser. He has a more-than-usually difficult task, an international collection with, in so many cases, no connecting-link, and, where our own are concerned, only last season's scanty form affording him anything even resembling firm ground in the midst of a quaking morass. Yet I am going to back the Official Handicapper to the N.H.C. and be quite prepared to see him handsomely defeat any critics. Distinguished strangers from foreign parts with no English form must not be surprised if the Handicapper declines to take any risk, for he will have ample justification for keeping his guard up, and they will have no ground for complaint. It is a sound old rule of war never to underrate the enemy. For instance, the Handicapper, with no Aintree Grand National form, will be bound to take the Irish Handicapper's word for it that Prince Regent is about 3 st. better than the winners of the 1944 Irish Grand National (Knight's Crest) and that of the race of 1945 (Heirdom) over 3½ miles, and then think hard as to what the difference should be over 4 miles 856 yards and a much stiffer line of fences, to which all these three animals are complete strangers, and how he ought to treat them with regard to valiant old Bogskar, now thirteen years old, the only Aintree National winner in the party. Lord Stalbridge's very high-class horse had only 10 st. 4 lb. when he won the race of 1940—a long while ago in a horse's lifetime. What will the Handicapper do? It would be quite unfair even to hazard a guess, or to say what X, not being the Handicapper, thinks.

Many Prickly Pairs

In addition to the foregoing little puzzle, there are plenty more. Take the case of Callaly, who, I am fully persuaded, is a class horse. He was in at level weights with Prince Regent (12 st. 6 lb.) at Wetherby on December 15th last year. He did not run. At Baldoy on January 1st this year the Irish Handicapper gave him 12 st. 5 lb., and he ran a pretty good second over 3 miles 100 yards to Smiling Marcus (10 st. 4 lb.); Knight's Crest (11 st. 3 lb.) was a close-up third. In the 1945 I.G.N., Heirdom (9 st. 7 lb.) and Callaly (10 st.) had a terrific

Donnybrook over the last half-mile of the Fairyhouse course, and Heirdom only got home by a length. My Irish spy says he thought it was less, and that if either of them had taken more liberty with any of the obstacles than would a mouse "trottin' on tay water," the other one would have won! So now you know exactly what happened. If the English Handicapper takes a good deal of notice of an Irish Grand National winner like Knight's Crest, who is only nine years old, against Heirdom's fourteen years, what must he do with Callaly, who is thirteen years, and obviously the master of Knight's Crest at 3 miles? I emphasise these words—and how, in the name of Mike, can he work out what any of them is likely to do over nearly 4½ miles? This is only one little bit of cactus, so again I say let all our sympathy go out to the N.H. Handicapper, and let us thank our stars that it is not our job. My numerous racing correspondents in the Services overseas used to be very fond of sums while the shooting was on. Perhaps even now they may not have lost their taste for them. There are plenty for all at the moment, and these two might keep some of you busy.

Castle Alamût

A CHARMING lady in Cairo with, as I note, strong literary leanings, says that she thinks that the stronghold of "The Old Man of the Mountains," which it was necessary to mention in connection with H.H. the Aga Khan's coming Diamond Jubilee, is just about as real as "Castle Perilous," the place of captivity of the lovely Liones (Tennyson's *Lionors*) and that "you just linked it up with present-day racing in a kindly effort to shed a little ray of sunshine on the present leaden skies." This is most pleasant of her, but Alamût is quite real, and not some fancy fortress built by Scheherazade for the delectation of the bloody-minded Haroun-al-Raschid. I say "is," instead of "was," upon the quite unimpeachable authority of Miss Freya Stark, who has been into this stronghold in the Caucasus, and seen the massive bastions for herself. Here is what was published concerning her communiqué to the Royal Geographical Society in, I think, the year 1934, the date of her interesting book *The Valleys of the Assassins*:—

One of the strongholds of the Assassins, whose rulers killed by dagger and poison for six hundred years even before the Crusaders went to Asia, was

discovered in the mountains of Northern Persia by a woman explorer.

Miss Freya Stark, who communicated her discovery to the Royal Geographical Society and stated that massive battlements are still standing, and that three large water-cisterns, cut in the rock, remain as evidence of the preparation of the fortress for a long siege. It was finally sacked by Hulagu, the Tartar, in 1256 A.D. Local inhabitants, however, tell of a more romantic system of water supply. Sheep, they say, with water-skins tied beneath them, were put into a steep tunnel 900 ft. below the castle and persuaded to the ascent by wolves released by the Assassins behind them. Because of this legend the passage is still called the Gurgu-Mish, or "Wolf and Ram."

I hope this will convince my correspondent that Alamût is not like the Walls of Jericho or Brian Boru's castle at Tara, of which latter not a vestige remains, as anyone, who has ever been with the Meath when they have been near Fairyhouse, will attest. Alamût is solid: Hassan-al-Sabbâh; Nizam-al-Mulk his victim, and Omar Khayyâm, the third friend—all real!

Ibn or Al Sabbâh?

EDWARD FITZGERALD, in the preface to the first edition of his graceful, rhymed conception of the Rubâiyât of Omar Khayyâm, says, in referring to the Chief of the Assassins, "Hassan al Sabbâh, whose very name has lengthened down to us as a terrible synonym for murder." My old and valued friend, "M.B.R.A.," who is a walking encyclopædia of knowledge, especially where the East is concerned, writes me as follows:

I think you got the old Ismaili chief's name wrong the other day, if you will forgive the correction. His name was Hassan ibn-Sabbâh, and, if I remember, he died peacefully at Alamût, but his successor was up against Hulagu, the brother of Genghiz Khan, who stormed his castle and put him to death. In most of Arabia, and elsewhere, the Khojahs, or Ismailis, are not looked upon as Mahomedans at all. Talking of Genghiz Khan, it is a curious fact that Tamerlane, Timur Lang, the first of the Moghuls at Delhi, was never allowed the title of Khan, as he did not belong to the tribe of Genghiz, and he was only called Amir. I remember his last descendant, Prince Timur, old Bahadur Shah's grandson, who used to ride about Rangoon in a tinselled crown like the Papal tiara, all covered with little golden bells.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

Maturity

"THE CONDEMNED PLAYGROUND" (Routledge; 10s. 6d.) is a collection of essays, satires and critical pieces by Cyril Connolly. It offers an open view of the mind, and displays the extraordinary range of powers of one of the most important critics of a generation—the generation now in its young maturity. A generation that has, for a long time, been regarded as one of precocious children—disrespectful, experimental and brilliant—but which must, now, be recognised as having moved forward into its due place, that of the grown-ups.

England—I sometimes feel, in the darker moments—would rather raise, and tolerate, crop after crop of playboys than honour, and take seriously, a savagely serious and original mind. There has been a policy—quite, of course, unadmitted and unconscious—of "Keep the children at play, so long as they don't break anything valuable, until, one morning, they wake up and find they are old men." England is equally kind to the golden lad and the noble silver head—both voices are listened to with attention. Maturity, and its claims, on the other hand, almost always creates an awkwardness, a predicament. It seems one too many, in almost all fields of action. In fact, there appears to be little demand for it.

Or, there has not seemed to be much demand for it. Surely, now, in the crucial days, the demand for maturity—of mind, of judgment, of feeling—has become immediate and pressing? The imperative to be grown up is upon us all. Those who have hesitated to grow up should pull themselves together and do so; and those who have been grown up for some time, but whose grown-up-ness has been ignored, should be recognised.

Mr. Connolly is by a few years younger than this century—a century whose violences and

convulsions have been more noted than, and have perhaps helped to obscure, its accession, by this year, to middle life. He was one of what was collectively called the youth of one post-war period; he represents the maturity of another. The pieces in *The Condemned Playground* cover the years 1927-1944. His first published article, on Sterne, is here; also, critical writing that was his most recent at the time of the book's going to press. What lies behind the selection of the pieces and, at the same time, inspired their arrangement, is significant: read through, *The Condemned Playground* is the reverse of scrappy—the book, in fact, is as continuous as a story. The story is the relation, from year to year, of a mind with its own times.

Literary Scene

Of his title, Mr. Connolly says:

The Condemned Playground signifies for me the literary scene of the 1930's, the period of ebullience, mediocrity, frivolity and talent during which I wrote most of these essays and my first two books. I also chose the title to refer in a more limited sense to that leafy, tranquil, cultivated *spielraum* of Chelsea, where I worked and wandered. But there is another sense in which *The Condemned Playground* refers to Art itself; for Art is man's noblest attempt to preserve Imagination from Time, to make unbreakable toys of the mind, mud-pies which endure; and yet even the masterpieces whose permanence grants them a mystical authority over us are doomed to decay: a word slithers into oblivion, then a phrase, then an idea . . .

This feeling of evanescence has always been with me as a critic; I feel I am fighting a rearguard action, for although each generation discovers anew the value of masterpieces, generations are never quite the same and ours are, in fact, coming to prefer the response induced by violent stimuli—film, radio, Press—to the slow permeation of the personality of great literature.

"Like most critics," he goes on to say, "I drifted into the profession through lack of moral stamina." He suggests that criticism—or, as he at one time felt it to be in his case, "the interim habit of writing short-term articles about books"—was the outcome of, or the one road left open by, drastic self-criticism: the high standards set by his reading made him abandon his own creative work. This cut both ways; it may be remembered that, from the time of his very first appearance, Mr. Connolly has been recognised as a creative critic. His earliest book reviews—of which there are examples here—had a richness, force, angle and, above all, unpredictable course which made them works of art in themselves. If they were an apprenticeship to writing, they showed no characteristic of prentice work. And the two books he did write in the 1930's—*The Rock Pool* and *Enemies of Promise*—show that he did not lower the standards that, at the start, had been so forbiddingly high. Rather, he found himself able to approach them. Since then, there have been rumours of his association with "Palinurus," of the famous *Unquiet Grave*.

Most of the pieces in *The Condemned Playground* were written concurrently with the writing of the books; and those dating onward from 1940, concurrently with the editing of *Horizon*.

The expression "literary scene" means something. Literature is like a landscape: its foreground, the present, packed with moving figures, sometimes too close up to be judged; its background, the past, showing those mountain ranges which are the classics—but even these seem to change, seem more or less distant, higher or lower, as mountains do, in the varying, changing lights of our own day. Mr. Connolly registers, in his writing, those changing lights. He can also, when his subject is modern

writing, fix, by a sort of magnesium flash from his own temperament, figures, here and there in the chaotic foreground. Where he is concerned, art and life are inseparable: he is fascinated by the interplay between the two. This fascination he communicates to the reader. He does not shun or dread, but rather explores and uses, his own susceptibilities.

Contents

THE essays in *The Condemned Playground* are at once just and savage, sombre and frivolous—Proust said, frivolity is an intellectual quality. He has a religious regard for "the saints of art." Kind, he is never—those who have seen salt dropped on a slug may have some image of what he does to the reputation of the middle-brow novelist. The trend of the middle part of this book is to discourage feeling young persons from writing feeling novels unless, absolutely, they must.

The book is in three sections. The first, essays on Sterne, Swift, Chesterfield, and on some of the recognised greater moderns of the inter-war period—Joyce, Gide, Thomas Mann. We have the "Imitations of Horace"; also, the A. E. Housman controversy, which raised Cain. In the second section, we watch Mr. Connolly out with salt after slugs. An exquisite parody of a mid-period Aldous Huxley, and three hair-raising satires—"Year Nine," "An Unfortunate Visit" and "Ackermann's England" supplement the chase. The third section is the most personal, the richest, the most dignified and most interesting: it contains fragments of direct autobiography; the "Barcelona" piece stands out strongly by having been placed in juxtaposition to the earlier, jaded, blasé "Spring Revolution." "The Fate of An Elizabethan" touches the seat of a malady; and "The Ant-Lion" is unforgettable. "Writers and Society" would, for the purpose of wide circulation, merit publication in pamphlet form.

I cannot omit, yet hesitate to embark on, comment on the brilliantly funny "Where Engels Fears to Tread." I know of no living English writer, in any field, who commands more admirable, one might say more enviable, prose than does the author of *The Condemned Playground*.

Windy Summer

ANGELA THIRKELL's *Miss Bunting* (Hamish Hamilton; 10s.) is subtler, sadder, nearer the nerve of life than have been some of the novels associated with this novelist's ever-welcome name. It is as though Mrs. Thirkell had risen up and forbidden us to classify her as reassuring and cosy. Actually, in all Mrs. Thirkell's writing, especially, of course, in her wartime novels, one has felt courage on guard, like an angel, at every door; one has felt winds of sorrow, from time to time, rattle the windows on whose panes, from inside, the cheerful fire-light shines. Realism has never been absent from her—though curbed by good manners and rendered palatable by her enchanting wit.

In this novel, the elderly governess, Miss Bunting, is a theme, or symbol, rather than an outstanding character in the cast. We have met her before: this summer of hers, in charge of delicate young Anne Fielding, at Hallbury, is—though she and we do not know, till the end—her swan-song. Miss Bunting is a survival: most unassuming, yet at the same time most uncompromising of creatures; how could the new generations live up to her? She carries with her into the Fielding household (the Fieldings are gentry, but not, let us face it, county) at once a doctrine and a mystique.

Hallbury, Omnium property, is a small town on the river rising, within reach by (these days) a short train journey from Barchester. It is divided, inexorably, into "Old" and "New." In old Hallbury dwell Admiral Palliser; his



Mr. A. G. Street is the farmer-author of "Farmer's Glory" and "Strawberry Roan." He is well known as a broadcaster and is an expert on agriculture, on which he lectures at leading universities and political colleges. Mr. Street is seen here with his wife (the former Miss V. F. Foyle) and their daughter. Their home is at Wilton, near Salisbury

(Concluded on page 124)

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

STANDING BY

A CITIZEN'S demand in one of the newspapers (followed by an embarrassed silence) why the British film-industry doesn't challenge Hollywood with a few gorgeous big scale music-spectacles would find its answer, maybe, in an agreeable piece of free verse by Archibald MacLeish called *Colloquy for the States*:

It's how we marry says Maine. We ain't choosers. We scramble them up and we mingle them in.

We marry the Irish girls with the shoes with the quick come-after. We marry the Spaniards with the evening eyes. We marry the English with the tiptoe faces. We marry the golden Swedes; the black Italians; The German girls with the thick knees; the Mexicans

Lean and light in the sun with the jingling and jangling . . .

From this melting-pot comes that flood of youthful loveliness which pours inexhaustibly into Hollywood and makes the daily scene in New York and other big cities almost sickening, like a surfeit of liqueur chocolates (remember the shopwalker engaging new assistants in the O. Henry story who glimpsed just one homely girlish pan amid a sea of cloying beauty and yelled with relief "You're on!"?). It's awkward having to explain to a fan of British films that by comparison the native supply of chorines is—er—is—well. Hrm, chrm. You know. Inadequate, perhaps? Some citizens are rather unreasonable on this point. All hell was let loose a little time ago when a G.I. in London complained in print that he never saw any pretty girls to speak of. The subsequent outraged yells of the Race seemed to us supremely ridiculous. As a minor 18th-century poet very properly remarked:

What is the Tincture of the fairest Skin
To Virtue and true Harmony within?

You can't have everything, a tall girl was telling us.

Planners

DISCOVERING a militant foreign Communist attending the U.N.O. Congress to be a mild, roundfaced, spectacled professional lawyer, one of the Fleet Street boys broke into cries of artless wonder, showing that he should brush up his history a bit, maybe.

Prim, cold lawyers (e.g. Robespierre, Dallymple of Stair, and a dozen more) have notoriously shed more blood than any other body of the Middle Class, which, as you are aware, organises all revolutions. Lawyers murder passionately, like machines, washing their long pale hands with invisible soap and looking sideways with their pale frigid eyes. Their exquisitely neat and priggish appearance adds to the terror. Frightful Soames Forsyte in Galsworthy's horrible book was just the boy to devise and order a well-planned massacre, we've always thought, brushing his hair sleekly afterwards and mincing home to Montpellier Square to inspire more fear and hatred in his wife. Incidentally a very brilliant and ugly and delightful Frenchwoman we once met at a dinner threw a new light on the case of Soames Forsyte. We argued he didn't get all he deserved.

"Mais, mon-Dieu, il était bien cocu!"

"Et alors? Napoléon aussi!"

"Mais voyons, mon cher—ce pauvre Forsyte! Etre cocufié par un architecte, quelle honte!"

We'd never thought of that. It certainly adds a tinge of ignominy and despair, as the blueprint and T-square boys would be the first to admit, maybe, if you asked them. Ring three times at the R.I.B.A. service door and say Dr. Gallup sent you.

Game

MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON has remarked that the handicap of American statesmen is that they play poker but not chess. That is to say, they have the requisite deadpans and they know all the bluffs, but they lack that slow, low cunning.

Not, perhaps, that it matters. Pitt came from Eton knowing no other games than hoops and marbles, with faro to follow. Metternich's game, unless we err, was whist, yet we guess it would have taken more than the smartest poker-bluffing in America to take a rise out of that sardonic lad. In fact, we doubt if either poker or chess has the formative value its fans claim for it. Crack poker boys are always dropping packets on Wall Street. Crack chess-players, once away from the board, blink around like stuffed owls.

To each game the psychological clue is clearly, *frustration*. Our heart bled for the Junior International Chess Congress at Hastings recently. Those tiny white desperate concentrated faces, nipped as it were by an untimely frost! That bitter cry which ends *Ghosts* seemed to sum up all those infant chess-addicts' tragedies. We quote from memory, if James ("Boss") Agate will excuse the liberty:

OSWALD: Mother! Mother! The fun! The fun!

MRS. ALVING: Ah, snap out of it, honey, dere ain't no fun in dis here ole Ibsen dump.

(Places her head in the sink. Curtain.)

Or words to that effect.

Change

TO follow up the Picasso Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert by a Constable Exhibition seems on the face of it pretty safe and soothing, but is it?

If you saw in a placid luminous Constable landscape what Salvador Dali and his surrealist boys see in it, you'd shudder. Every tree has a shameful erotic secret. In the eyes of every grazing cow flames the ruthless cruelty of all-devouring sex. No smart modern art boy has written a Constable biography recently. Now is the time to publish one, packed with good things, especially the chapters headed "First Intimations of Paranoia" and "The Manic-Depressive Period." Mrs. Constable's newly-discovered diary might help, also. Possible extracts:

WED.: Mr. C. painting in the fields. Trouble with "possessive" trees. Hid in ditch for some time.

THURS.: Mr. C. more cheerful. Remarked at breakfast: "That damned watermill is multi-breasted." Miss H. swooned.

FRI.: Mr. C. stayed in all day, hiding from several clouds of peculiar shape. Trouble with a clock-face "licking lips" at him.

SAT.: Uneventful. Mr. C. spat twice at a daisy.

Then of course there'd be the Academy private view where Mr. C., wearing nothing but a broken mandoline, stands five ladies of quality on their heads to enable them to get his planes, tones, and values properly. In a word, a gripping psychological study.



"Haven't I met you somewhere before?"



"Just take the 'Joker' out, and shuffle them, please"



"You could always tell your mother you won it in a football pool!"



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*Miss Elizabeth Lee keeps a friendly eye on Diana Mont-
gomery (one of the youngest there) and her mount Gipsy*



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And Time for Play: With His Wife Halina and Their Son



Welles — Aitken

Major Benjamin Welles, U.S. Army, elder son of Mr. Sumner Welles, of Washington, U.S.A., married the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. G. Monteith, of Catherine Place, Westminster, at Caxton Hall, Westminster



Beresford — Page

Major Lord William Beresford, M.F.H. (late R.A.), son of the late sixth Marquess of Waterford, and the Duchess of St. Albans, married Miss Rachel Page, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kennett Page, of Upton Lodge, Bursledon, Hants., at the Church of the Ascension, Ballynure, Co. Wicklow



Gore Browne — Loyd

Capt. Thomas Anthony Gore Browne, Grenadier Guards, younger son of Colonel and Mrs. Eric Gore Browne, of Uppingham, Rutland, married Miss Lavinia Loyd, only daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles and Lady Moyra Loyd, of Welbeck Street, W.1, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"

Review of Weddings



Shand — Cubitt

Major Bruce Shand, 12th Royal Lancers, only son of Mrs. Charles Tippet, of Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, married Miss Rosalind Cubitt, only daughter of the Hon. Roland and Mrs. Cubitt, of Hall Place, Petersfield, Hants., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Fisher — McKay

Vice-Admiral Douglas Blake Fisher, Fourth Sea Lord, son of the late Admiral W. B. Fisher and of Mrs. Fisher, of Lee-on-the-Solent, Hants., married Miss Anne McKay, only daughter of the late Mr. C. McKay, of Dumsfries, and of Mrs. McKay, of Elm Park Mansions, S.W.10



Bridport — Little

Right: Lt.-Cdr. Viscount Bridport, R.N., of 85, Cadogan Gardens, Chelsea, married Mrs. Sheila Jeanne Agatha Little, of 54a, Elizabeth Street, Westminster, at Chelsea Register Office



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Here a frou-frou with a gay little uplift at the centre back breaks the regularity of the horizontal lines. This is a Peggy Allen model made of fine wool georgette in shades of brown and beige. The belt is of a yellow grosgrain. Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, have it



The stately lines of this dress make it one for women of all ages. The softly-swathed bodice and side fullness are becoming to all figures. This is another Peggy Allen model made in mousse crêpe in a wide variety of colours. It, too, is on sale at Harvey Nichols



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CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

HOUSE-PRIDE has this in common with garden-pride—the very instant that you sit down exhausted to admire the result of your labour, you see something else which simply *must* be done! And it is no good ignoring it; saying to yourself: "I will remember to do that tomorrow." It nags at your consciousness until there is nothing else to do but to get up, weary though you be, and do it.

Thus it is that people soon become house or garden-ridden; or both. And, although it must be confessed that they are sheer entertainment unto themselves, they are apt to be a little tiresome unto others. To live for long in a too-house-proud-home is soon rather like living in a mine-field. Perhaps, the garden hobby-horse is not so circumscribed as the domestic one. A garden is always in a state of re-creation and it has to be very "Italionate" indeed not to include a kind of insouciant "wilderness." Not so a house. A too-house-proud-home is "touchy" all over and lives only to be admired—like that dreary creature, la Femme Fatale, who exists to incite passion but is completely alien to a sense of humour.

It is, I suppose, so easy to sink into the mental attitude which regards a home as life's main *point d'appui* and not as a sympathetic background to it. Few bores are less companionable than the abject slave to his, or her, belongings.

The rather awful atmosphere, for example, which pervades a too-house-proud home always presupposes that a distinguished visitor may arrive at any moment and the glamour of an immediate post-spring-cleaning must, therefore, always stand "at the ready." Con-

sequently, we too must stand thus. A most tiring attitude.

Of course, everybody comes away from such a home filled with almost rowdy praise of such a wonderful home-maker and housewife. Nevertheless, it is a strange fact that the husband of such a domestic treasure has a curious urge to visit his club and invariably is a much nicer, even more, a human man when he is away from his domestic "temple."

The perfect home is the home which is a delight to live in, not only to live up to. Few women can understand this. Women adore to live with something to live up to, whether it be human or merely a new colour scheme. Nevertheless, the fact remains that when anybody is living up to something they always give the impression that they are living down to you. So when, perchance, you happen to see that you have left the imprint of faint mud on the drawing-room carpet you feel immediately that your parents, upbringing, education, to say nothing of your social manners, are not only suspect but already condemned. "Best rooms" are consequently nearly always an abomination to the spirits. And some homes seem to be composed entirely of "best-rooms."

I can admire them, but I never want to remain. I like just a little dust both on people and on things. There is a *neglige* side to all of us, and it is inclined to make us more companionable. And for me houses are never really homes until they show every sign of having been lived in. Otherwise they are rather like those Exhibition Kitchens which are quite perfect until you have to do any real cooking in them. Some people are rather like that, too. All window-dressing and nothing anybody could possibly need for very long.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing **BOOKS**

(Continued from page 116)

daughter, Jane Gresham, whose sailor-husband is "missing"; the rector, Dr. Dale, and his son, Robin, who has lost a foot in the war; and, off and on, the Fieldings—who also have a town house in Barchester. In the neo-Tudor and sub-Corbusier tangle of new Hallbury resides that heavenly lady, Mrs. Merivale—to whom Mr. Adams (first met in *The Headmistress*) and his lumpy, mathematical daughter, Heather, go as paying guests. As for the weather—always a master character in a Thirkell novel—it is like this:—

It was an unpleasant morning in July, though not more unpleasant than most, for Providence in its inscrutable incompetency had altogether given up the question of summer for the duration of the war. A winter of much wind and no rain had been succeeded by a windy and arid spring, followed in its turn by a chill summer of grey skies and drought, with the weary sound of wind still flapping aimlessly about.

Jane Gresham's state of feeling is beautifully and delicately rendered. There is another inimitable Mix-Lylian refugee, Gradka; and there are two small boys—but I don't like small boys as much as Mrs. Thirkell does. The annual outing of the Barchester Archaeological Society was enjoyed by all; including, enthusiastically, myself. And sheer, dear, semi-malicious fun runs through all *Miss Bunting*. Joy, to me, was the only-too-brief incident of Miss Hamp, Miss Bent, Sister Chiffinch and Pelleas the goat. Please, may we meet Miss Hamp and Miss Bent again?

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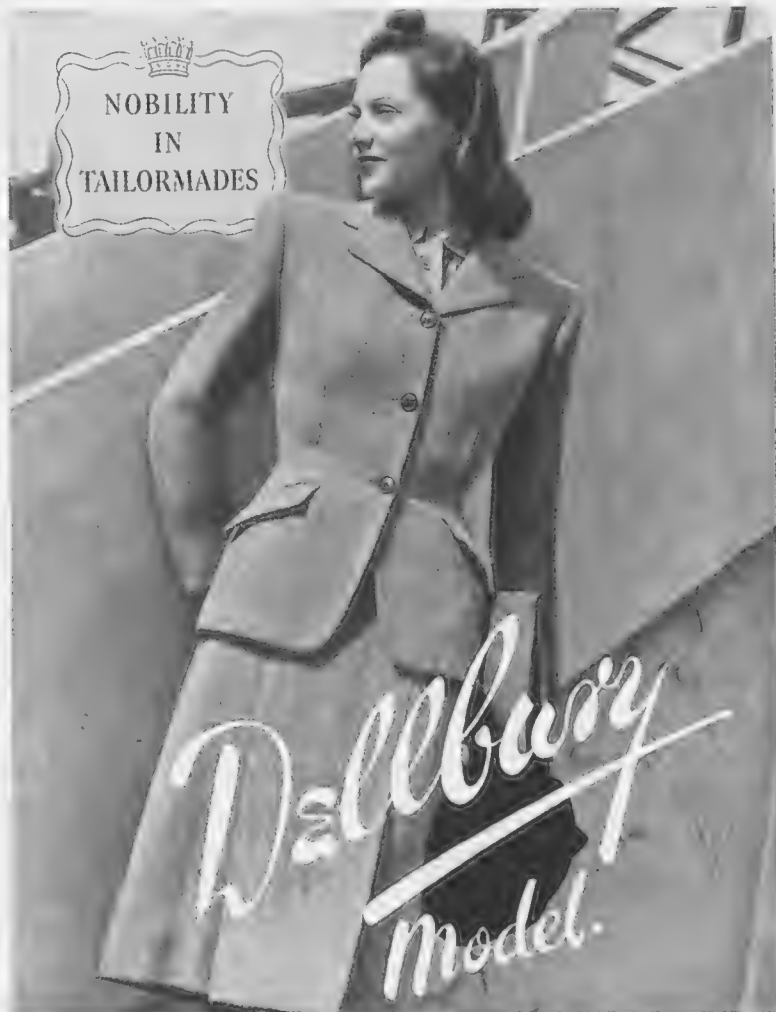
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Heath Row White Elephant

FEW of the criticisms of Heath Row that appeared in the London newspapers showed an understanding of the real trouble. The argument against Heath Row can be summed up by saying that its *runway pattern* is unsuited to high density air traffic. Nothing could save Heath Row and make it an airport capable of serving London's millions except radical re-design of the runway arrangement. With the triangular system, on which the Ministry of Civil Aviation is lavishing £25,000,000, the aircraft movements in every hour are much too sharply restricted.

A careful study of aircraft movements when landing, taxi-ing, loading and leaving an airport, led to the Idlewild and Orly schemes of tangential runways. New York and Paris, two great airports, will eventually have terminals capable of handling 300 aircraft movements an hour or even slightly more. Moreover, the taxi-ing time will be reduced to a minimum and aerodrome buildings will be in the place where they cause least obstruction.

The tangential runway system is ingenious and directly one examines it, one sees that it must be adopted at every airport which has to handle heavy traffic. It combines safety with simplicity, and slashes taxi-ing time. There would be control chaos and appalling waste in taxi-ing if Heath Row were ever to try to handle heavy air traffic. The best thing to do with Heath Row is to return it to the fine agricultural and grass-land it formerly was.



Mr. Peter Egbert Cadbury, one of Britain's leading pilots of jet-propelled aircraft, has been called by the Ministry of Aircraft Production to test the latest secret planes. His engagement was recently announced to Miss Elise McLaughlan-Slater, with whom he is seen above.

Charter Costs

MARSHALL'S Flying School has taken a bold step in announcing its charter rates. With the D.H. Rapide, which can take eight passengers, the rate is to be 2s. a mile or 2s. 3d. with a wireless operator. The Percival Proctor, taking three passengers, is to cost 1s. 8d. a mile for charter and the little Miles Messenger, also taking three, 1s. 2d. These figures are attractive for, if the cost of running a high powered motor car in these days of fuel restrictions is worked out, it will be seen that it can be higher than these air charter rates. I imagine that Marshall's will only be able to keep down to these rates if there is a sustained demand.

As for the cost of owning a personal aeroplane in the £2,000 to £3,000 class, I have seen a reasonable calculation showing that, under existing restrictions, it would come to something like £14 an hour. Much depends upon the scale of the insurance, but the assumption is that the pilot is of no very special skill and experience. The depreciation rate writes off the first cost of the aircraft in five years and the charges for housing, maintenance and certificate of airworthiness are those prevailing at London aerodromes before the war.

Great Names

ONE of the disadvantages of State control is that it introduces bureaucratic names for companies and corporations. In France the nationalization of the aircraft industry led to the introduction of the most astonishing names, some of them having eight words. An example is the Societe Nationale de Constructions Aeronautiques du Sud-Ouest—the kind of name to thrill a bureaucrat but nobody else. Now I see with pleasure some of the old names coming back to French air industry. One that reminds me of Gustav Hamel and the great days of Hendon when there were still a few blades of grass left within twenty miles of London is Morane-Saulnier.

I hope that in this country we shall learn our lesson and prevent the State from killing the names as well as the initiative of the historic aircraft companies. Short Brothers still retains its name. But what will happen in the future? And will they then turn to nationalizing the motor car industry? There is the great name of Daimler, for instance. It was almost exactly fifty years ago, on January 14, 1896, that the Daimler Motor Company Limited was formed, the first makers of motors in England. The registered capital was £100,000. The company has been making motor cars ever since.

Let us hope that the State will never butt into the motor car industry as it is doing in the aviation industry. State control and interference always lead to militarization. No government can resist employing for political ends the industrial resources over which it gains control. That is why the subsidized air line of before the war was always the concealed military line. And it will be so in the future. These three State Corporations that are to be formed will become instruments of policy and they will eventually be turned to military purposes—though these purposes will, of course, be concealed by all the paraphernalia of propaganda and prestige talk.

Fedden's Car Design

I AM not sure how much has been published about the new motor car on which Sir Roy Fedden, designer of the Bristol sleeve valve units, has been working. The patents cover a rear-engined car of very advanced characteristics. My only objection to rear-engined cars is that if, as young Bugatti used to say in his magnificent English, you "break something very fast" you are sitting that much nearer the accident. But the answer is that of the motor car designer who listened to this objection and then said: "But, you know, we do not design our motor cars to run into one another."



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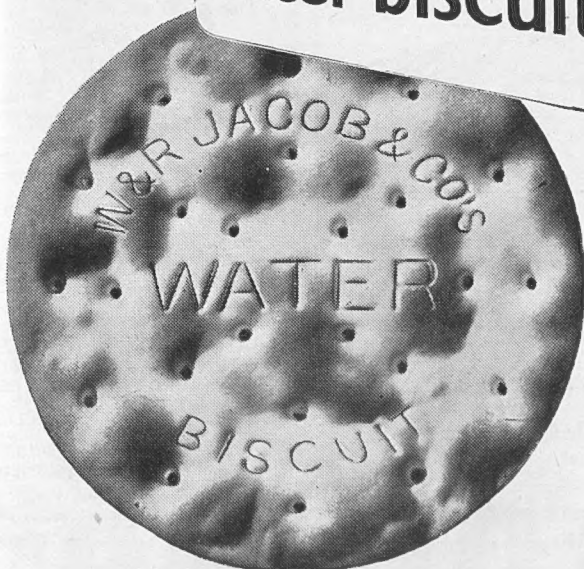
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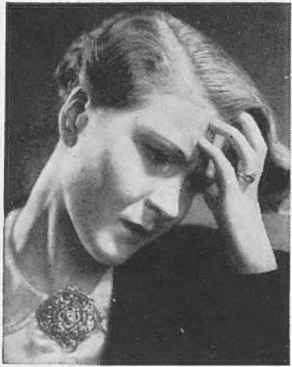


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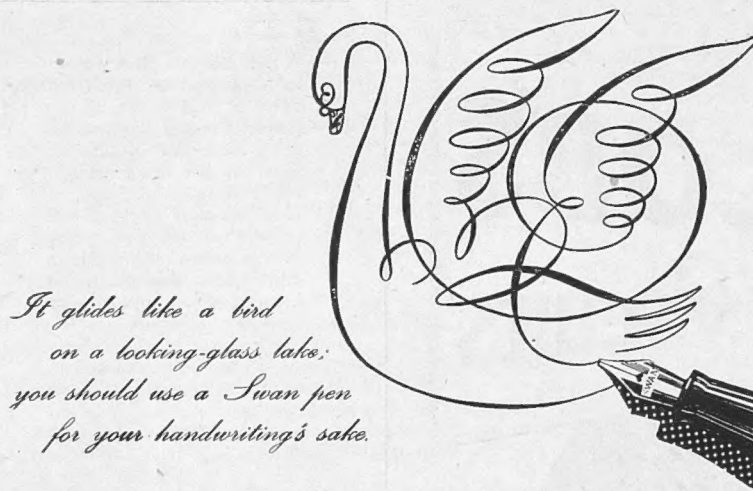


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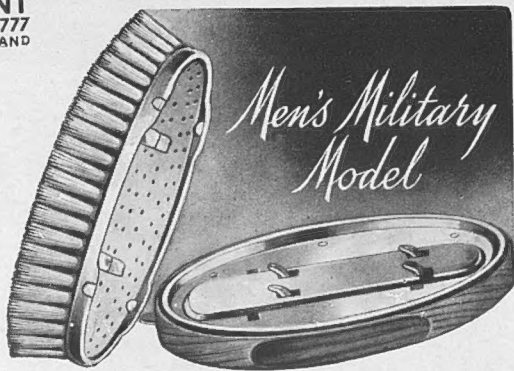
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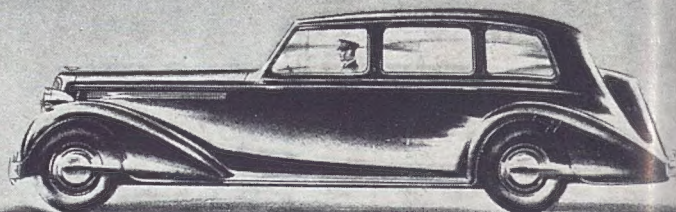


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